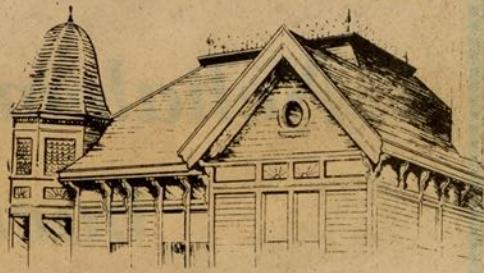


By Josephine Swanson

35 Ys. 11 Ms. 2 Ds.



I feel a little guilty about this article because the information comes from a diary in our attic clearly labeled "HANDS OFF." It belonged to a young bachelor in Portland between 1887 and 1900.

His name was Frank D. Reames. He came to Portland from Altoona, Iowa, as a telegraph operator for the railroad, studied medicine at the University of Oregon Medical School, practiced in Klamath Falls, fell in love with and married my mother, died suddenly of pneumonia in 1903. His grave is in the Benjamin Young family plot at Greenwood Cemetery, and his gravestone says, "Died Jan. 13, 1903, aged 35 Ys. 11 Ms. 2 Ds.," as if every moment of that short life ought to be counted.

In Portland at the turn of the century he lived a vigorous young man's life, not a fashionable one, but a life of hard work spiced with fun and friendships. He belonged to the Multnomah Athletic Club, the Elks Club, the Knights of Pythias. He loved to watch football games. He went to dinner with friends, played cards, drank a bit, visited San Francisco and Seattle, saw the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, and occasionally went home to Iowa to visit his parents.

Frank Reames, I hope you will forgive me for disobeying your "HANDS OFF" ninety years later. Your diary affords glimpses of life in Portland in the 1890s with a first-hand freshness. People like to know what was going on in their town long ago and will be grateful to you for having jotted down what one young-man-about-town was doing. I promise not to tell your few bachelor's secrets which are nobody's business anyhow.

THROUGHOUT HIS DIARY Frank Reames felt compelled to note the

weather. He was in Portland for the big freeze of January 1888. Sledding was good, and the Willamette was frozen solid for 10 days. Skating was "all the go." One day he crossed the river on the ice. When the temperature got down to 2 below zero, people said that was the coldest it had been for 12 or 13 years.

The freeze ended with a Chinook wind and rain. The ice broke in the river on Jan. 25, and at noon he went down to look at it. The ice was then backed up to Pine Street. He quotes The Oregonian as saying there were \$42,000 worth of logs in the gorge. The logs were coming down right along. "They were firing giant powder at the bridge to break it loose from the middle pier. It was a grand sight, ice and logs gorged, men running on logs and trying to save as many of them as they could." The thermometer went up to 61 degrees and by 4 p.m. the river was as clear as ever.

Another time he went to the waterfront to see the steamer George W. Eder, which was billed to sail for Alaska and the Klondike country at 7 p.m., July 30, 1897. He writes, "There were thousands of people on the wharf and the boat is loaded to the water's edge with passengers and freight. Never saw so much excitement. Old timers say equal to '49."

He belonged to the Multnomah Athletic Club and was loyal to its football team in games against such adversaries as Stanford University on Jan. 1, 1894. Stanford won 16 to 0, and he lost a couple of dollars on the game. The next New Year's in 1895, after being out until 3 a.m. at the Caledonians Masque Ball in the Exposition Building ("very slow time"), he went to a football game between the Portland Athletic Club and the Port Townsend Athletic Club. He also saw the Multnomah Athletic Club

play Port Townsend and Seattle, and he once watched Butte beat Portland University. On Dec. 26, 1898, he notes, "Berkeley skinned us bad 27-0."

FOOTBALL WAS NOT his only sport. He also liked swimming, but his interest may have been something more than athletic. He was on the swimming committee of the Multnomah Club and had charge of the first amateur ladies' swimming tournament ever held in the Pacific Northwest.

Tucked in his diary is a clipping from The Oregonian of May 13, 1895, which reports the event with a Victorian giggle: "Considerable interest has been manifested in the Ladies' swimming tournament, which is scheduled to take place in the Multnomah Club 50-foot tank tomorrow evening. Chairman Reames, of the swimming committee, who has the affair in charge, is not inclined to be communicative as to who the fair contestants may be, but he says there are enough of them to make the contests interesting, and he is preparing to take care of a big crowd of spectators — ladies, of course. The only gentlemen admitted will be those who are necessarily present to judge the contests, and here is the full list, with official titles appended: A. B. McAlpin, master of ceremonies; Percy Blythe, referee; Henry North, A. E. Mackay and Mr. McAlpin, judges; Dr. Mackay, clerk of course, and Professor Murray, starter. The only distance contest will be a 50-yard swim for a gold medal, the contestant finishing second to receive a silver medal. Another gold medal will be given for general proficiency in the performance of 12 feats of skill and daring."

In addition to the Multnomah Athletic Club, two fraternal orders provided fellowship for the young man. On Jan. 9, 1894, he was recognized as retiring

chancellor commander of Ivanhoe Lodge 10, Knights of Pythias. His successor William C. Cake presented him with an elegant chain and charm engraved with words representing the rank and lodge. Frank Reames was moved. In his diary he wrote, "By George, when Cake made the talk it came near being too much for me and I could hardly reply to him."

He and Cake also joined the Elks. On New Year's Day, 1896, after the football game between Butte and Portland University, they went to Cake's for dinner, then to Elks Hall where Portland Lodge 68 was organized and Frank Reames was elected to an office. After Lodge eight or 10 of them went downtown and had a few drinks and cigars.

PORTLAND HAD OPERA houses for entertainment too. He mentions the Pyke Opera Company, who played "Nanon" and two other shows, "The Three Black Mantels" and "The Cat."

In 1896 he decided to study medicine. He planned to alternate school with his job. To prepare he took Latin from Dr. Cauthorn. He bought a "Gray's Anatomy" for \$8 and borrowed Dr. McKay's Physiology. "The Gray's Anatomy," 1896 edition, is in our attic now. It bears two signatures: Frank D. Reames, Sept. 28, 1896, and Clara W. Reames, Sept. 17, 1903. When she followed her late husband to medical school, she took this book with her.

During his first year at school, he worried about his own ability. On Dec. 30 he wrote, "Finished up my first part of the cadaver, the leg tonight. Ought to know more about it than I do. I am catching on to anatomy a little better, but don't get on as well as I should for the amount of time I am putting in studying."

HE WAS STUDYING on New Year's Eve 1896 and wrote at 12:05 a.m. of 1897, "Whistles and revolvers and firecrackers going all over town. Spent the evening in my room studying anatomy. Doesn't seem like old 1896 has passed. It was the swiftest year of my life I think."

By the second year he had moved from his rooming house to Dr. Rand's residence, an elegant home, he said, close to the college and hospitals. He paid \$20 a month for board and room. In September he paid \$50 on his tuition and gave the dean a note for \$80 due in February.

The four years of study moved along, and he finished second in his class. He passed his state boards, went home to visit his parents, and then came back to work at St. Vincents Hospital. In June of 1900 he decided on private practice in Klamath Falls. There a patient of his was Johan Young from Astoria, ill with tuberculosis. When Johan died, his sister, Clara Young, came to Klamath Falls on a sad mission for her brother. She met his doctor, Frank Reames. They were married in 1901.

Your pardon, Dr. Reames, for intruding on some moments of your 35 Ys. 11 Ms. and 2 Ds. You see, they do count.



An 1890's football team.

OPINION

THE DAILY ASTORIAN

An Independent Newspaper

THE DAILY ASTORIAN, Astoria, Oregon, Friday, March 9, 1979

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

An important function of a newspaper is to report births, marriages and deaths. Everyone can depend upon having those events in his or her life recorded in a newspaper.

I'd like to see newspapers assume responsibility for reporting another event. It seems to me a 50th wedding anniversary is as important as birth, marriage and death. It becomes increasingly so as divorces outnumber marriages and living arrangements without marriage become almost commonplace.

Of course newspapers report many 50th wedding anniversaries with pictures and stories. But not all. Many golden wedding anniversary celebrants don't consider the event something that anyone but members of the family is interested in and don't tell the local newspaper about it.

It would be impossible to make the reporting of 50th wedding anniversaries compulsory, but newspapers should do all possible to encourage it.

This is not a new thought. I got to thinking about it several years ago when my parents celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. All of us

but I really didn't expect to carry on at such length.

—o—

I've been scolded, and properly so, for having spoken in a recent editorial of newspaper carriers as boys.

Some girls deliver The Daily Astorian and do it exceedingly well.

In fact, this newspaper would never get to your house if it weren't for the contribution of many women. They work in every department. If a printer of an earlier day stopped in here he wouldn't believe what he was seeing, for there are more women than men in the production department. The advertising, circulation and news departments have women in key positions and the business office couldn't be operated without them.

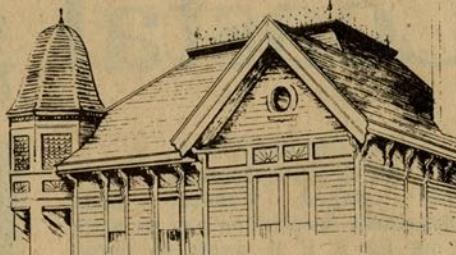
On some newspapers the very best writing is being done by women. It seems to me that's so at The Oregonian. On a recent day, as I went through a stack of Oregon papers, I saw a story written by a woman reporter on the front page of every one.

After everything is gone in this

From the Attic

Old buildings to new uses

By Josephine Swanson



Decay threatens a city when its buildings begin to stand vacant and deteriorate. Astoria has suffered a depressing symptom during the many years the John Jacob Astor Hotel has stood dying before our eyes. And the recent abandonment of two hospitals has seemed ominous, especially since the wooden St. Mary's Hospital succumbed to the wreckers. But now, perhaps, the illness is over. The hotel has been purchased, and it looks as if the old hospitals will both be used. The patient may be recovering.

Not that she was ever very sick. When a city puts old buildings to new uses, that is a sign of vigor. Astoria did just that on Sixteenth Street to three old buildings, all now in robust use: the old Astoria High School, Trinity Lutheran Church, and the old Astoria City Hall.

It is fortunate that Astoria High School, built in 1911, was not abandoned when the present high school was built, but instead became the nucleus for Clatsop Community College. The college has given an extra dimension to life in this town and county and has served thousands of students of all ages.

Old alums of the high school have lingering memories of the school as it was. It had a main classroom building with an imposing columned entrance, which no one used except for group pictures. It had a gymnasium and connecting breezeway, and it had an auditorium, which for many youngsters was the initial experience with the glamor of a proscenium arch, a sloping floor so that the audience could be tiered, and a balcony. Among old postcards in our attic is one of the high school, face on, with its imposing entrance and an ancient car parked on Jerome. The card belongs to a series called "On the Old Oregon Trail."

The view from Sixteenth and Jerome provided the opening words of the Alma Mater, "Far above Columbia's waters," borrowed, of course, from Cornell's "Far above Cayuga's waters" as was one out of every two Alma

Maters for high schools in the country. The tune is singable. When Astoria High School moved far away from Columbia's waters and down onto the shores of Youngs Bay, the students refused to change the words of their song. Alternate words were written and offered in a referendum. The vote was a thundering NO. "Youngs Bay" is pretty hard to work into a poetic line, and so the students' decision was probably wise. Who cares about the literal truth in a song anyway?

A few blocks down Sixteenth Street, the structure which was Trinity Lutheran Church for 36 years, has become the Performing Arts Center of the college. My husband and I have been dropping in at the noonday concerts there on Tuesdays. In the last few weeks, for example, we have heard an experimental jazz ensemble from the University of Oregon, a pianist from Reed College, a jazz pianist and vocalist from Portland, and a cellist and a pianist.

The audience is mixed: a few little children with parents, several elderly men and women, college students, some college teachers, and the rest of us. Most people are on time, but it's all right to stroll in late and stroll out early. The whole hour is a gift to the town.

The Performing Arts Center is a perfect place for a dedicated audience-watcher. Shafts of sunlight pour through the fluted glass windows high on either side and focus on single listeners. On the day of the jazz ensemble, a college girl's long golden hair shone while she sat immobile as a saint. The same day the saxophonist, a Pied Piper, escaped the stage and piped up and down the aisles, stopping to serenade a child. The fascinated child lifted a lovely profile to the musician, but also glanced occasionally at his mother for her reassuring smile.

On another Tuesday a young pianist from Reed College performed a lecture-recital combination in an engaging, informal manner. He used Ravel, the multiple nautical exhibits from our

Beethoven, and Chopin to demonstrate texture in music. He was so much at ease and so humorous that the whole audience felt happy along with him.

On the day the piano-singer twosome were there from Portland, the girl singer looked great in stylish knickers, T-shirt, boots, and the latest fuzzy hairdo. What else would a jazz artist wear in the middle of the day? She performed those odd little chin jerks and arm chops which are obligatory for a jazz singer who is killing time while the pianist plays. She could really sing, too, manipulating her voice like an instrument in rapid counterpoint with the piano. We thought of Ella Fitzgerald.

Her pianist was also a stellar former. We thought of Charles Browning. That's Astoria's Dr. Charles Browning, who plays a classy jazz piano himself, with complicated chords, tricky modulation, and ornamental runs and arpeggios. We kept whispering, "Charlie ought to be here." And then, as we were leaving the theater, there was Charles Browning himself! He had been there all the time, sitting in the balcony. Good.

The Performing Arts Center is small enough so that an audience can readily see the faces and the fingers of the performers. During the cello-piano concert, for example, sensitive expressions crossed the face of the cellist: merriment when the music was comic, seriousness when the music was solemn, sadness when the music was sorrowful. But his look of surprise lasted only a fraction of a second when he broke a string a few bars from the end of the last number, and he gamely finished on three strings his duet with the piano.

One more block down Sixteenth is the Columbia River Maritime Museum, an old building that has served more than one use. Built in 1905 as the Astoria City Hall and then headquarters for the USO during World War II, it was gradually renovated, beginning in 1962, to house the multiple nautical exhibits from our

maritime heritage. Against serene walls of white and under ceilings of blue, one sight after another delights thousands of visitors who roam its floors. Over 30,000 came last year. Some day the museum will move to its stunning new building on the waterfront. Then this old building with its high ceilings, decorative plaster, and columns will probably be put to yet another new use.

When it was still the Astoria City Hall, the building also housed the city library on the second floor. A second floor library may have been a little intimidating to a child and quite different from the inviting informality of the children's area arranged nowadays by Juanita Price in the Astor Library downtown. I couldn't even get my grandson out of there last summer without a ruckus. Still, any child long ago ascending those oaken stairs and clinging to that wide balustrade must have reasoned that he was approaching something to be revered — books.

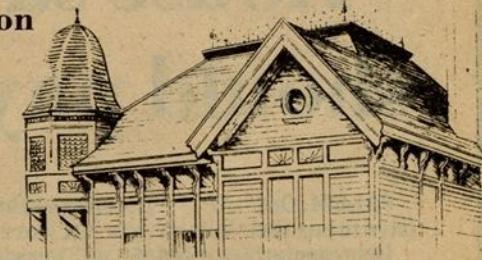
One of the librarians was gentle Miss Barker, a tiny Englishwoman whose British accent lent distinction to the library. She was a high church Episcopalian while the rest of the Astoria congregation was low church. The chief difference so far as my teenage sister and I could tell was a deep genuflection every time the Lord's name was mentioned. We used to be astonished to see Miss Barker disappear entirely between two pews and then pop up again safely several times during the service. Our minds were not properly on the worship.

The high school, the church, the city hall, the library have found new homes, but the stout buildings remain and are now a college, a performing arts center, and a museum. If then, the vitality of a city can be measured by its new use of old buildings instead of a proliferation into suburbia, Astoria is in good health. That leaves the problem of diagnosis for the armory and the jail, and — lest we forget — the Astoria Column is always in need of tender, loving care.

By Josephine Swanson

4-13-79

Facts behind the stories



The Benjamin Young house, where this attic is, has recently been entered in the National Register of Historic Places.

The State Historic Preservation Office decides that a home is eligible for such designation after an advisory committee meets to consider the application. What the committee is interested in are such facts as: dimensions, number of rooms, architectural features, structural changes, dates, and the historical significance of the family. They don't care at all about really interesting things such as skeletons in the closet and ghosts in the attic.

One fascinating story they would not have paid any attention to is that my grandfather was a smuggler. Rather, it's two stories, but they blend into each other. One version has Ben Young going in his fishing boat out to the bar of the Columbia and there meeting by prearrangement an ocean vessel from which something would be dropped to him to smuggle ashore. What was dropped is not exactly clear, but opium is whispered. Another version has him smuggling opium in from Canada.

Mother told me the opium story at least 50 years ago and laughed about it then. The story surfaced after her death in the mid-1950s when my husband and I settled in the old house. A relative newcomer to Astoria said, "Say, did you know your grandfather smuggled opium?" And just this year an Astorian asked me if I knew the truth about how my grandfather got the money to build this house. Last week a neighbor who knew the story nodded sagely and said, "Oh yes, it was opium."

My mother said the opium story might have gotten started this way. One summer my grandmother spent the season in British Columbia with my grandfather who had salmon canneries

along the Fraser River. She was a frugal Scandinavian housewife and so picked blackberries while she was there and had them canned in the salmon cannery. The cans were unlabeled. When she and Ben Young started home, there was a hubbub about the unlabeled cans coming through customs at the Canadian border. The suspicious cans were opened, and there were my saintly Swedish grandmother's blackberries. But the smuggling legend was planted.

The facts are less fascinating. Ben Young was a salmon packer who came to Astoria in 1874. But the big house was not built until many years later after the family had lived in two or three earlier houses. His cannery interests were on the Columbia River and on the Fraser River and in Alaska. Companies which he owned or helped organize included the Fishermen's Packing Co., the Scandinavian Packing Co., and the British America Packing Co. Some of his business ledgers and journals, which happened to have been preserved in the attic, were donated to the University of Oregon library in 1961 where they were catalogued and are available as primary sources for the study of the early fishing industry in the Northwest.

No, Virginia, salmon built this house. Not opium.

The smuggling story will probably persist, however. It is much more glamorous than salmon-packing, and many people have a hard time believing that anyone can make money honestly. Immigrant, ethnic groups, especially, were not likely to rejoice in the success of any of their members. The response was more likely to be sour grapes or "He had to be crooked." Sour grapes have their own enduring vintage.

My sister and I contributed a story

about the house, not mean-spirited, but scary. During rainy winters we used to play in the attic, principally in a finished and papered bedroom on the north side of the house. Sometimes we ventured out into the main attic and once in a while all the way over to the dark tower. Years before, someone had tossed a shoe, a man's black shoe, up into the rafters where it had stuck, sole down. Anyone standing on the floor of the tower and shining a light upward would seem to be seeing the bottom of a man's foot, and the rest of the body would have to be above that.

Frances and I said it was a dead man up there. For a body to be above that foot, the corpse would have to go through the roof. He would have to jut out from the tower at a looney angle as in a Charles Addams cartoon for "The New Yorker." Franny and I didn't care about probability. Who does when you want to believe something? We rolled our eyes and said, "There's a dead man in the attic."

Tourists also contribute to the folklore about the house. I have been asked if the top floor of the carriage house is where the "staff of servants" lived. The top floor of the carriage house was for hay and grain to feed the horses, the cow, and the chickens. There never has been a staff of servants. My grandmother usually had someone helping out, but she would more than likely be a young relative from Sweden and this house her first stop. In my parents' time we always had a housekeeper, but that was because my mother was a practicing physician. Housekeepers stayed with us so long they became friends and companions.

The only time the staff reached the number of two was when my sister and I were very young and we had a nur-

semaid. Her name was Elen Knutinen, and we called her "Old Elen." Old! She was probably in her late 20s or early 30s. It's hard to tell from the snapshots of her in a white apron with her hair pulled severely back. Frances and I are supposed to have learned quite a number of Finnish words from her, but when we lost her we lost them.

She died in 1918 of pneumonia during the terrible influenza epidemic which swept America in World War I. I think of the sadness of it all. She came from the old country to America, took care of some other people's children for a while, and then died. We loved her and she had friends in Astoria, but that was her life.

Another common fantasy is that all antique furniture "came round the Horn." This house has much of the original furniture, but none of it came round the Horn. It is furniture-store furniture bought in Portland and shipped to Astoria. The pieces are not the early Victorian with oval shapes, but they are graceful and light, dating from a fortunate moment in Victorian furnishings before pieces grew heavy and pretentious.

The latest contributor to folklore about the house is my husband. Harry has conducted so many friends and visitors around the house that now he makes up stuff as he goes along — partly, I think, to amuse himself. Our daughter and I have sometimes followed him with our mouths agape. He really is the best guide to go around with. He calls the whole operation "hysterical historical."

Most stories miss the truth. They reflect wishful nostalgia, some spitefulness, some romanticizing. All except the story about the dead man's shoe in the tower. That's the truth.

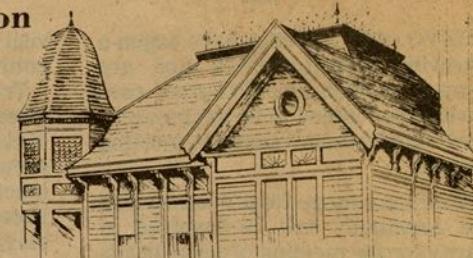
Yes, Virginia, there is a ghost in the attic.

4-20-79

From the Attic

By Josephine Swanson

'Riada Daze' years later



A friend brought me a copy of "Riada Daze" from her attic. Turn Riada around and you have Adair, the name of the school which preceded Astor School on nearby property.

This was Volume I, Number 2, published on January 23, 1925. The little newspaper could not have had a very long life, for the students were getting ready to move to a new building and Adair was to disappear as a name. Meanwhile school was bustling.

A picture of Adair School on the first page shows a tall two-story building with a dormer in the sloped roof. Two of four portables are also visible; small buildings to the west of the school, built to house temporarily the overflow of students.

These were days of heady economic surge in the middle 1920s, and Astoria was building two new schools, John Jacob Astor and Captain Robert Gray. The school in the center of town was renamed Lewis and Clark. Their names, of course, commemorated the history of the area, also proudly celebrated in the Astoria Column. I can remember thinking that surely the whole world must know about John Jacob Astor, Capt. Robert Gray, and Lewis and Clark.

Helen Larson (Mrs. Richard Aho), who was in the 8-B, prepared the caption for the picture in eight lines of verse. Her poem informed the reader that the school was built in '96,

But now in this next year or more
Our old school will be no more
In summer, winter, spring and fall
Most thirty years it stood in all.

Her arithmetic was impeccable.

The picture also affords a glimpse of the covered walkway which led to steps

and an imposing porch at the front entrance. Students used to line up there to march in at the beginning of the day or after recess. Orvi Kiminki beat a drum for the march. We didn't feel regimented. We felt important.

I have been arguing with a schoolmate about whether we marched four abreast or eight abreast. She thinks eight; I think four. Memory plays tricks on us. We walk into a building we haven't entered since childhood and find the halls have narrowed. I think I remember Hazel Olsen marching up the steps and into the building with her umbrella still open. But why would she have an umbrella if we were under a covered walkway? Oh memory! The days and years tumble together.

In 1925, Adair students were encouraged to have opinions and to express them in editorials. Subject of the day: the new school. Cora Halvorsen (8-B) was happy about it, but disappointed that it would include no auditorium. She deplores the fact that every time they have assembly now they have to lift up the sliding wall between the sixth and seventh grades and sit two in a seat. When they give plays, the stage is no higher than the seats and the children in back cannot see. She predicts with alarm that they may have to get a sliding wall in their new school. Besides that, whenever they give a play to earn money they have to hire Columbia Club Hall and pay \$5.

The Columbia Club was a combination gym and auditorium across from where the plywood plant is now. An advertisement later in the six-page paper announces a Girl Reserve Vaudeville at Columbia Hall for Jan. 30, admission 25 cents for adults, 15 cents for grade school children.

In another editorial, Adaline Svenson

(8-B) speculates on the excellent effects the new school will have on students who will take more interest in their studies, enjoy their amusements, and feel proud of their building. Her article closes on a discerning note: "We are all looking forward to the time when a new building will rise out of the mist of the present school board meetings."

Curiously enough, this little children's newspaper reached out into the faraway adult world to note that King Tut's tomb was about to be opened. The article by Signe Kiminki (8-B) is full of delightful ironies now from our vantage point a half century later and our national experience with the King Tut exhibit which is on tour of American museums. She wrote under the title OLD KING TUT:

"Tut-Ankh-Amen's Tomb is going to be re-opened is the latest news from Egypt. We hope people won't worry too much over Tut-Ankh-Amen styles for likely they'll come in.

"If Old King Tut could only awaken and see people walking around in all the ancient styles, he no doubt would think the world the same as when he was placed in the tomb.

"One of the main things about the re-opening will be that it will lead to a wonderful history of Egypt, and the world will learn about the habits and ways of the ancient Egyptians."

The Rotary Club, then as now, was interested in students. On Dec. 3 it had hosted 40 boys from Astoria schools at luncheon at the Hotel Astoria. On that date the hotel would have been open less than a year. Imagine the Rotarians and 40 boys in the Art Deco elegance of that dining room on the mezzanine. The guests came from Adair, Alderbrook, Central and Taylor schools and from the high school.

The boys from Adair were Harry

Peterson, Ove Hagerup, Arnold Holthe, Gearhart Backlund, Alf Dahl, Clarence Knudson, Wayne Poysky, Arne Bumala, Arthur Bishop and Ernest Thomason.

Local merchants, as always, coughed up for ads in the school paper. Fellman's Department Store offered everything from notions to floor coverings. The Bee Hive announced that Buster Brown shoes are the best for boys and girls. The Oregon Bakery admonished the reader to eat Harvest Bread. Peterson's Repair Shop offered to fix umbrellas and bicycles and to file saws. And J.C. Penney Co. reminded customers that it was a nationwide institution.

Emphasis on sports was minimal — and nondiscriminatory. One item about boys. One items about girls. The boys had organized a basketball team and beaten Central School, 19 to 14. The girls' volleyball team led by Signe Mitchell had met the Taylor School girls (No score reported).

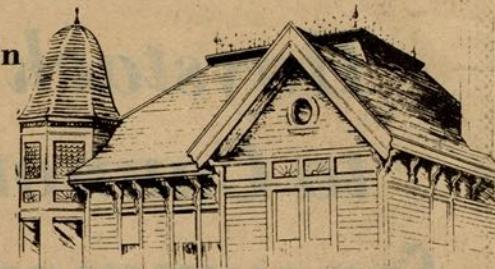
The little paper has stories and poems including Part II of "The Room Under the Staircase," a haunted house story by Alice Osterlund (8-B). Paul Wiss (6-A) has a Christmas poem called "Santa's Visit." The merriest poem is a collaboration between Cora Halvorsen and Helen Larson called "Cupid's Revels." It is about teachers receiving diamond engagement rings: Miss McNeir, Miss Bye, Miss Johnson, and Miss Albright. The last stanza slyly asks if Miss Holmes, the redoubtable principal, will be next.

The survival of this copy of the Adair School paper is a gift to the memory of a lively grade school over fifty years ago. Some things are different. Many things are the same whether children are Nowadays or "Riada Daze."

JUNE 8, 1979

By Josephine Swanson

Thanks to Mr. Orwick



The history of a town often rests in the biographies of its leading citizens, the political officials, the merchants, the industrialists — and sometimes the eccentrics. The biographies of the craftsmen, the ones who built the town, the carpenters, painters, paperhanglers, electricians, and plumbers, rest anonymously in their works, the houses and buildings. In a small town, though, we know who some of them were.

The workmen on this house in 1888 remain anonymous except for the contractor. According to reminiscences written by an aunt of mine, Caroline Ogilvie, when she was in her 80s, his name was Mr. Palmer and he was an Englishman. She said, "He was red-headed and had a beard, which I do not suppose is of any special interest, but that is the way I remember him. He lived up in the vicinity of the Chapel Holy Innocents and had four children — Jane, Ethel, Lloyd and Freddy."

The chapel was at about 31st and Grand, so that put him only about several blocks away from his job which must have lasted for many months.

DURING THOSE MONTHS the Young family rented a cottage called the Brakkie house almost directly across the street from where the building was going up. They pumped their water.

Workmen also pumped water for the plasterers in the big house. For some reason the water was not connected and the plasterers had to lay a long hose across the roadway, across a yard, and behind the Brakkie house to connect to the pump. It was a three-man job to keep the pump going while men nearby mixed the plaster. There was no electricity yet in this part of Astoria for either a pump or the house.

Finally, the house was plastered, the papering done, and the furnace installed. The Young children used to go over and "holler" down the pipes from the registers upstairs. The first furnace was too small to be adequate. The family added stoves in almost every room and later a big furnace and hot water radiators.

Mrs. Ogilvie wrote, "This big house had a wonderful foundation and basement and was built to last many, many years and through a number of generations." And so it has.

Thanks to Mr. Palmer.

Like Mr. Palmer, the two craftsmen I remember best from childhood were always Mister. I don't think, as a child, that I ever heard their first names. A kind of mutual and stately respect between client and artisan prevented any first name familiarity. To my parents, they were Mr. Orwick and Mr. Straw.

I know now that Mr. Orwick's first name was Thorstein and that he was Erling's father and the grandfather of the gifted Orwicks I taught later in high school. I know now that Mr. Straw's first name was Arthur and that his many friends called him Art.

MR. ORWICK WAS a contractor and

carpenter. When my parents did some remodeling in the early 1920s, they collaborated (that's the only word for it) with Mr. Orwick. The principal change was to replace the softwood floors with hardwood, oak. The days of Victorian carpeting were over and brilliant hardwood with inlay was fashionable. Mr. Orwick and his men put new floors in 10 rooms.

One day, 30 years later in the 1950s, after my husband and I became owners of the house, Mr. and Mrs. Orwick came by. During our visit I noticed him eyeing the floors as if he were passing judgment on himself. That is exactly what he was doing, for pretty soon he nodded and said, "Yes, they are all right."

Collaboration was in order again for our beach house at Seaside. My mother and Mr. Orwick built it together. My father said, "Go ahead, Clara, do whatever you want." And she did. She had bought an old beach cabin from Mr. Persimeter who lived down the street from her brother Sig in Seaside. The idea was to remodel that cabin so that it would be suitable for our summers. But when she and Mr. Orwick got started and planned a living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, and three bedrooms on the first floor, they had such a large space to roof, we ended up with a second story containing two bedrooms and a dormitory.

Even the garage had a certain exuberance. It looked as if it could hold three cars, but one third was for firewood. No one ever regretted the spacious dimensions this house gave our summer friendships.

Thanks to Mr. Orwick.

MR. STRAW PAINTED the outside of the Astoria house and papered the inside for about 40 years. To me, a little girl, housepainters seemed a rakish crew in touch with adult fun that I could only guess at. Mr. Straw had been around. His stories of mansions where he had painted and papered in the Midwest before coming to Oregon hinted at the riches and high life of his employers. In his 80s, Mr. Straw was still jaunty.

In the 1920s he papered the house for my parents, and then he did it for us in the 1950s. This was long after he had given up outdoor painting. We would catch our breath to see him teeter on a plank above an open stairwell, one end resting on top of the stairs, the other on a vertical ladder. His balancing mechanism was in his feet. He had teetered so often, the tops of his canvas shoes each had a hole where the big toe peeped through.

Some imported French wallpaper in the dining room had been stained by a leak. Mr. Straw had put it on in the 1920s, and he thought he might have a remnant stashed away at home. But he

didn't. We decided to keep the old wallpaper, stain and all. Acres of walls in this town must still have paper on them which Mr. Straw put on.

For many years he did exterior painting too. I don't know how many times he painted this house, but, in the attic, I found a receipted bill for his work in the 1940s.

MY MOTHER WAS a great one for keeping receipted bills and for making notes. This bill is dated August 27, 1947, from A.M. Straw, House Painting, Paper Hanging, and (in small print) Interior Decorating. The charge was for \$234.68 in material and \$646.80 in labor, a total of \$881.48. My mother notes that it took 20 days with two painters working eight hours a day. The whole house was painted, but the south and west sides received two coats. The roofs of the house and garage were also painted and the front of the garage was given one coat. She notes wryly that when the job was last done in 1938 the bill was \$400 plus, but the roof was not painted.

What do you suppose the original coat of paint, a dark red, was worth in 1888?

The exterior of the house had been repainted several times, of course, since Mr. Straw's era. But inside, the antiqued woodwork, the gilt picture molding, and the ceiling medallions still glisten from his touch.

Thanks to Mr. Straw.

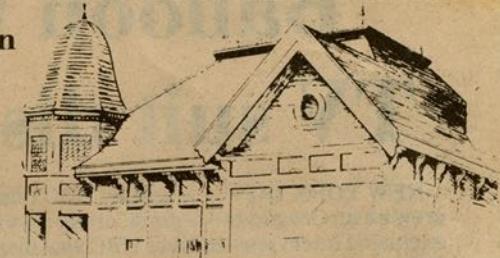


The Benjamin Young house with its original coat of dark red paint about 1889.

From the Attic

By Josephine Swanson

Why miss the Regatta?



An enormous amount of lore about the Astoria Regatta rests in scrapbooks around town. After all, this local festival has been going since the early 1890s, with time out for war and the Depression. The oldest memento in our attic is a program for the Seventh Annual Regatta in 1900. It was no doubt saved because my mother, Clara Young, and her sister, Caroline, were among the 22 maids of honor for the Queen of Regatta, Miss Louise Tallant.

When you begin to talk about the Astoria Regatta, generations interlock. Miss Tallant became Mrs. Richard Carruthers, and the mother of Eben Carruthers, who is the uncle of the present Richard Carruthers, who is grandson of the queen.

Other festivals in the state are newcomers compared to the Regatta. The Portland Rose Festival began in 1907, and when the Pendleton Roundup began in 1910, the Astoria Regatta had already been through a crisis of age.

AN EDITORIAL in The Morning Astorian for July 28, 1909, was headlined WHY MISS THE REGATTA? "For the life of us we cannot see why, after 14 successes, the Astoria Regatta of 1909 should be abandoned, and we do not believe it will be."

The editor goes on to point out the obligations of the city. "Having everything to make a Regatta, men, boats, water-courses, weather, and plenty to show and indulge the visitor, we have but slim predicate on which to wriggle out of the annual engagement." He scolds citizens for slashing their contributions, but is certain some man will rise to the occasion. Apparently Herman Wise had rescued the regatta the year before.

Most of the memorabilia in scrapbooks center on queens, princesses, parades, boat races, teas, luncheons, banquets. But there are also scrapbooks from the chaperone's-eye view. Over the years many women have served. Including me.

My chaperoning happened 20 years ago when, in 1959, Oregon was celebrating its centennial as a state of the union. We therefore had a ready-made theme for the regatta. My queen and princesses had centennial costumes complete with bonnets besides their customary nautical outfits and their waltz-length, bouffant party dresses.

THEY WORE THEIR centennial outfits all over the John Jacob Astor Hotel. Pasted in my scrapbook and written on the backs of two blank checks is a list of events and what the court should wear. They wore their old-time dresses for the Rotary Club meeting in the Trapper Room of the Fur Trader. The next day they were gingham girls again for the Kiwanis Club in the mezzanine dining room and

on other days for the Lions Club and for the Rotary Anns. They wore costumes again at the Anchor Club tea at the Yacht Club, and even I scrounged out an old-fashioned outfit for that party.

In those days Tongue Point was still a naval station. The Officers Wives Club gave a tea at the BOQ, and the girls wore their old-fashioned costumes again. Beverly Duff, who was president of the Anchor Club, wore her uniform, and I wore my own clothes, including heavily laden hat.

The princesses in the 1959 court were Jenita Shultz, Warrenton High School; Betty Morris, Star of the Sea High School; Mary Jane Kuratli, Astoria High School; Margie Wilson, Seaside High School; and Anna Marie Marinovich, Knappa High School. Betty Morris was chosen queen. Her admiral was Lt. Cmdr. Martin Hanson, US Coast Guard.

We all had a happy summer together, and some of us have seen each other since. Mary Jane Kuratli, Mrs. David Hill, who lives in Boise, Idaho, is a lifelong friend. Anna Marie Marinovich, Mrs. Don Kayser, was a neighbor of mine right across the street for a while, and I saw the princess with her baby. Every once in a while now Anna Marie and I bump into each other

round the island of a supermarket.

As for Betty Morris, I had more to do with her husband, Andy Anderson, in later years than with Betty. Our affair started coronation night. He was already Betty's boyfriend and her escort that evening, but he lost his girl to the Admiral as soon as it was announced that she was chosen queen and a procession formed. Left over, he gallantly gave his arm to me, the chaperone.

ANDY BECAME AN English teacher at Seaside High School and at Gladstone High School, and our paths crossed at meetings and conferences. He remained gallant.

I have lost track of Jennie and Margie, but they are always close at hand because their names are engraved on the bangles of a charm bracelet which the princesses gave me as a souvenir. Each bangle bears one girl's name, and on the reverse sides the legend spells out Josephine — Swanson — Chaperone — Regatta court — 1959.

For a while the regatta chaperones had their own club. Fern Wittliff started it. It was the best organization I ever belonged to: no officers, no dues, no agenda, no by-laws, just one meeting

a year and that was a no-host luncheon early in the summer. Most of us would show up with our scrapbooks and attempt a little pleasant upstaging of each other, for we each thought our own group of girls had been the best court. We would also remember funny events, crises, things that went wrong and things that went right. The newest chaperone would be the guest of honor and would receive a blank scrapbook with the unspoken challenge, "Let's see you match us," but also the spoken promise, "You are going to have fun."

During the Astoria Regatta I have not only been a chaperone, I have also been chaperoned. When I was the regatta queen in 1934, 25 years before becoming a chaperone, the lady in charge of me and Beryl Gramms, June Lagassee, Jean Paulsen, Katherine Hellberg, and Mary Louise Hope was Mrs. Frank Halderman.

My beloved chaperone has recently come back to Astoria to live, after living for several years in California. We had a regatta tea earlier this summer. The guest list was small. It was tea for three: Barbara Halderman, her niece, Marjorie, and the aging queen, me. We didn't have a receiving line, corsages, or costumes, but we had memories.

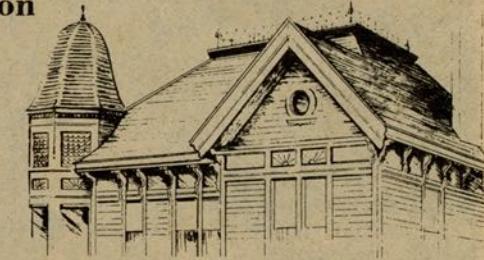


1959 Regatta Court

1959 Regatta Court chaperone Josephine Swanson, left, received a corsage from Mrs. Richard Stacer, then president of the Officers Wives Club of Tongue Point. With them were centennial-frocked regatta

princesses, from left, Betty Morris, Anna Marie Marinovich, Margie Wilson, Jennie Shultz and Mary Jane Kuratli. Beverly Duff, then president of the Anchor Club, is at right.

Doctoring in Astoria



Unlike the shoemaker's child who is supposed to be poorly shod, the doctor's child is usually well medicated. Both of my parents were doctors, and, while I didn't have double medication, I was sufficiently dosed. An advantage was that a mother-doctor and a father-doctor are not as easily alarmed as plain parents. They do not panic, for they know pretty well what is going on. As for night calls, all you need is a call from one bedroom to another.

As the years go on and the doctors' child grows up and the doctors leave their patients forever, the patients remember. I keep running into people who say, "You know, your mother brought me into the world," or "Your dad delivered me." And suddenly, for a moment, I am gently in touch with those parents of long ago. They were Drs. Eldred and Clara Waffle. They finished medical school in 1907 and 1908.

Bob Lovell, for example, mentioned to me the other day that my father brought him into the world. Dr. Eldred had to drive over sand and around dunes to a Gearhart beach house where the event occurred.

Bob also said that his father, Sherman Lovell, taught my mother to drive and that he never forgot the experience. Neither did she. She was terrified. The only way Mr. Lovell could get her to steer and shift gears was to take the car on the beach and have her drive from one log to another. My sister says the family story is that Mother lost thirty pounds learning to drive.

But she had to learn. My father went overseas in World War I, and she kept

the medical practice going while he was away. He was a first lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the U.S. Army, 167 Field Hospital. In the attic now, old postcards of war ruins, which he collected, trace his progress through French towns with names like Gondrecourt, Gerbeviller, Luneville, and Nancy. In fact, my mother knew at one time that he was in Nancy because, in his censored mail, he asked her, "And how is our little daughter Nancy?" They didn't have any little daughter, Nancy, just Josephine and Frances.

To keep the practice going at home, she had to drive a car and she had to go out at night to deliver babies. One night, groggy with sleep, she went out to the garage which could be entered through a side door, climbed into her car, and backed out without opening the garage doors. When she wrote to my father in France and told him what she had done, he wrote back, "Never mind. I did the same thing myself once, but was too chagrined to tell you."

My parents delivered many babies at home. They especially liked to serve Chinese patients because the Chinese husbands were so kind and attentive to their wives and the households were well prepared with plenty of hot water and clean cloths.

I was born at home. My father couldn't very well be the attending physician, and so my mother was attended by another woman physician, Dr. Nellie Vernon. Astoria had two women doctors then. My father paced up and down in the upstairs hall while Dr. Nellie, Dr. Clara and Miss Hoff, a nurse, were busy in the southwest

bedroom. My birth certificate is an inverted triangle of physicians with Mother in the upper left, Father in the upper right and Nellie S. Vernon at the point.

Not all babies, even then, were born at home. Some were born in a "confinement" home, a kind of half-way house between a private home and a real hospital. It would be a big house presided over by a midwife. A woman went there "when her time came." Another word for confinement was "lying-in." Childbirth had its euphemisms.

Some babies, however, were born in a real hospital, St. Mary's. I know because my father used to make Sunday morning rounds at the hospital after dropping my sister and me off for Sunday school at Grace Episcopal Church. After Sunday school we would walk the block down to St. Mary's to meet him. The Sisters were always very cordial to Dr. Eldred's children, and if we had to wait for him they would entertain us by showing us the newborn babies in the nursery.

New parents often did — and some still do — name their babies after the doctor. My father had such a strange Byronic name (as a matter of fact, his middle name was Byron) that whenever I hear of any Astorian named Eldred, I think, Aha!

His two nephews, Drs. Frank and Vernon Fowler, who came to practice in Astoria rejected Eldred and dubbed him "Uncle Al." By the time I had babies, one of those nephews, Dr. Vernon, was in the delivery business and took care of me. Doctors have a

way of keeping medical care all in the family. My mother, for example, delivered her brother Sig's children, two girls and a boy. And that was at home, too, in Seaside.

By the time our two children were born, my father had died and my mother had retired from active practice, but she scrubbed up and attended both arrivals of her grandchildren at the new Columbia Hospital. I was especially grateful that she could be with me for our daughter's birth during World War II because on that date Harry was far away in the South Pacific commanding a ship off Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands. In fact, he didn't even know he had a daughter until a V-mail letter caught up with him two months later.

Dr. Vernon was nice about Mother's presence in the delivery room. He said, "Aunt Clara was just fine," except that every so often she would audibly pull in her breath between clenched teeth.

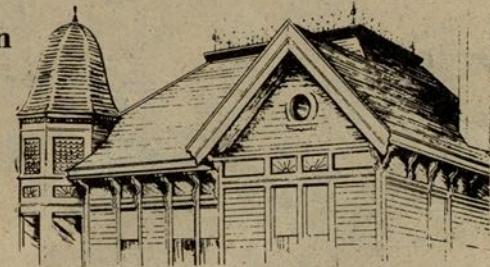
Our daughter has her own babies now. She and her husband are both teachers, not doctors. I trust that their children will also not suffer the fate of the shoemaker's children, and I hope that friends will say to them when they are grown up, "You know, your mother taught me," or, "You dad was my teacher."

—o—

(Mrs. Harry (Josephine) Swanson is a native of Astoria. She and her husband live in a house her grandfather built in 1888. She concluded 19 years of teaching at Astoria High School last year).

By Josephine Swanson

Midsummer Night's Eve



June is here. Midsummer Night's Eve approaches and with it the Scandinavian Festival. The celebration of midsummer in Astoria has a history in the hearts of all the Scandinavians in town, who, whether they have lived in northern Europe or not, understand the joy of sunlight after a dark winter.

In the attic I found a postcard with a picture of the winning float in the Scandinavian parade of 1911. This was part of the Astoria Centennial, 1811 - 1911. Amanda Johanson, a cousin of my mother's, had mailed it to my mother and father who were traveling in Europe that year. They received the card in Berlin at Fiegelstrasse 29 II. Postage two cents.

Mrs. Johanson wrote on September 8, 1911, "Kara Clara, Allt ar val har hemma. Jag sander en bundt papers i dag. Tack for bref och kort. Jag skall skrifva bref snart. Har ser du en of svenska floats. Svenskarne tog forsta pris Scandinavien dag pa bade paraden och pa konserten. Hoppas do och Eldred aro glada och lyckliga. Helsingar till er boda fran oss alla. Amanda"

THE DIACRITICAL MARKS are missing in this printing, but a Swedish reader can put them in.

A translation of the message reads, "Dear Clara, All is well here at home. I am sending a bundle of papers today. Thank you for the letter and card. I shall write a letter soon. Here you see one of the Swedish floats. The Swedes took first prize on Scandinavian day on both the parade and concert. Hope you and Eldred are happy and well. Greetings to you both from us all. Amanda"

On the face of the postcard, the winning float stands on an unpaved street near a wooden building which has drop siding and narrow windows. One wheel of the float is visible, obviously a wagon wheel, not an automobile wheel. The bed of the float itself is draped in what might be canvas. A rail fence on sawhorses goes round it and is looped with thick garlands of greens and flowers. At the back is a log fortress, a replica of Fort Astoria, with some small fir trees propped about. A little boy stands at the front of the fort.

Nine more people ride the float, all in Scandinavian costumes. Two of them are children sitting in their mothers' laps. The foremost figure is dressed like a goddess, her long hair loose. She holds a spear. At the front of the float is a shield or crest with a large crown on top and three smaller ones beneath. Everyone is smiling proudly in the sunlight.



I wonder who those people were and how long they had been away from their homeland.

MANY ASTORIANS STILL think of the "old country" fondly. For the first generation here there must have been homesickness. My grandfather and grandmother named their summer cottage at the beach Lomma, the name of a village near the farm where my grandmother had lived in Sweden. My mother told me that Lomma had the connotation of "pocket," a place of warmth and safety, a haven. The American custom of naming beach houses gave this Swedish couple a chance to look homeward.

The traffic between Astoria and Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Finland has always been heavy. It began early. Our attic has several "steamer" trunks used for the long voyages.

Today Astorians go easily by air. In a few days, for example, our neighbors, Howard and Mary Lovvold, will be returning from Norway. They flew to Oslo with Rudy and Edna Lovvold and with Howard's sister from Seattle. They planned to go north from Oslo to Bodø and on to the village of Kjerringay where Howard's parents were born and where many aunts, uncles, and cousins still live. The travelers would stay at the house in which Rudy Lovvold was born.

This village is above the Arctic Circle where the dark winter and the brilliant summer are a striking contrast. In fact, the Norwegians told the Lovvolds that they were coming too soon and that it would still be cold. But a fivesome of travelers has to make compromises. They also planned to go by train to Stockholm and to Copenhagen and would fly home from Bergen. They will be here in time for our own Scandinavian festival.

THE FESTIVAL WITH its promise of good eating reminds Astorians with a Scandinavian heritage to live up to some stereotypes. One stereotype is that somehow, genetically, you have a talent for cooking. If you are Swedish, you surely must know how to prepare meatballs, browned beans, fruit soup, pickled herring, and lutefisk.

I have tried to live up to this stereotype and have failed. My husband, who comes from Omaha, Neb. (Omaha was a great stopping place for Swedes who did not make it out to Astoria or Ballard, Washington) remembers Christmas Eve feasts at his Grandma Swanson's. Especially the browned beans. They were delicious and tiny. Try as I might, I have never been able to get my browned beans small enough. No, Harry will say, his grandmother's were smaller. I started from scratch, buying dried beans, soaking them, and all the rest. Then I

compromised and used canned Boston browned beans. Finally I threw in the towel and last Christmas served Växtorps with a dollop of molasses.

(Dear Maryon Greenough, please keep this edition of "The Daily Astorian" out of the hands of your friend, James Beard.)

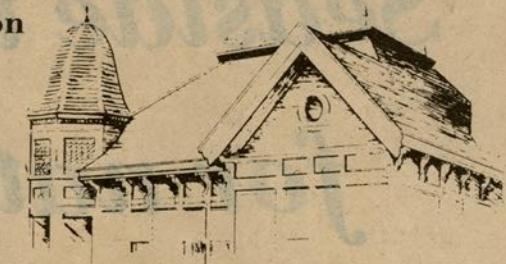
Also, my recipe for Swedish meatballs comes not from Sweden, but from a throwaway pamphlet published by the Oregon Dairy Council in 1955 and called "Tempting Dairy Dishes for June Dairy Month." (Please, Maryon!)

The meatballs recipe comes right after a recipe for lime cottage cheese mold. (Maryon!)

Anyone, however, who longs for authenticity will find it at this year's Scandinavian Festival. The beautiful girls will be there: Miss Denmark, Miss Finland, Miss Norway, and Miss Sweden. The good cooks will be there with genuine meatballs, fishcakes, pea soup, rye bread, and a konditori of pastries such as krumkager (Norwegian rolled cookies), lefse (thin saucer shaped bread buttered, sugared and folded), spritsar (ring cookies), rosettes, and fattigmand (cardamom flavored and deepfat-fried).

As a matter of fact, anyone who longs for summer evening, anyone who celebrates the victory over dark night, anyone who secretly believes in the magic of Midsummer Night's Eve should join us here. Valkommen!

Uppertown memories



All Astoria, like Caesar's Gaul, used to be divided into three parts: Uniontown, Downtown, and Uppertown.

The face of each has changed over the years. Uniontown changed abruptly when the great curve and piers of the ramp to the Astoria Bridge were flung against its hills. The 1922 fire devastated Downtown, which was rebuilt — a new town. Uppertown, on the other hand, has changed gradually. Something here. Something there. But nothing all at once.

In the first place, Uppertown slowly lost its angles. An old picture postcard, mailed in the summer of 1908 and photographed from 38th Street north of Duane, shows one right angle after another: streets, trestles, net racks, even clotheslines at right angles to houses.

THE TROLLEY CAR tracks used to describe several angles, some out over the water on trestles and some on land. The tracks, for example, turned north at Hauke's store, went out over the water on a trestle and then turned east skirting the bank and did not return to solid land until they reached 37th Street. There are still tracks embedded in the pavement beyond 37th Street, but they disappear mysteriously into the hillside although the end of the line was at 45th Street.

The Columbia River Highway also used to make right angle turns through Uppertown. Getting into Astoria from the east has never been easy. In the 1920s, before the tidal flats were filled in, an automobile made about 14 right angle turns between the city limits and Commercial Street downtown. When I was a youngster, my playmates and I used to watch the tourists go by for just one block on Duane Street with a right-hand turn at one end and a left-hand turn at the other.

Vestiges of the old route linger here and there. The city portals at about 54th Street still stand, now partially hidden in the brush, but bearing the vertical lettering on each column: ASTORIA. Plus less edifying graffiti. Behind the ARCO station at 23rd Street, the pavement still makes a right-hand turn and runs beside the plywood plant to turn left onto Commercial Street, so designated for two blocks until it joins the modern, curvaceous Marine Drive.

THE SECOND GRADUAL change in Uppertown has been the loss of all but one of its church steeples. The postcard shows three, a Danish Methodist at 37th and Duane, a Swedish Lutheran on Franklin between 36th and 35th, and

farther down Franklin, an independent Norwegian Lutheran. The survivor with its original carpenter's Gothic spire is the third, Bethany Lutheran, built in 1893. This summer it was included on the tour of historic buildings during the Scandinavian Festival.

What looks like a fourth church in the photograph is really Adair School with its own belfry to house the school bell. Several of us can remember its clang. A neighbor recalls that one evening in 1916 she watched regatta water activities from the Adair School belfry with her mother and sisters. Their family had just moved from Grays River, Wash., to Astoria. The wife of the janitor at the school had a key and kindly let the newcomers in. They saw a marine parade with twinkling lights in the dusk.

Another Uppertown steeple which does not show in the postcard was the Norwegian Lutheran church on 29th and Grand first used on May 8, 1893. Also, around the bend and out of sight was the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, an Episcopalian church.

My mother and uncles and aunts went to Sunday School there, played the reed organ, and one aunt, Caroline, was married there. Somebody brought home prayer books from the chapel when it was abandoned because they are now in the attic, seven of them,

sternly inscribed "This is the property of the Holy Innocents Chapel, Upper Astoria, Oregon 1887." In 1887 "upper" meant up-river.

ANDREW AND DEE Olsen now live on the site of Holy Innocents Chapel. One day this spring when Dee, who is a nurse, and I were walking in her yard to the north of their house, she showed me a depression in the ground which marks the outline of the old church. I told her that I had been baptized in Holy Innocents Chapel, and she said with that quick humor nurses often have (they have to — they are witnesses to such appalling events), "Well, then, we are walking on hallowed ground." I thanked her.

Because Holy Innocents Chapel antedated Scandinavian churches and was Episcopalian, two of the oldest families in Uppertown, though Swedish and logically Lutheran, became accidental Episcopalians: the Youngs and the Holmeses. Ben Young and Gust Holmes were friends and sometime business associates. They built houses with towers and gables and similar floor plans about four blocks from each other.

Actually, Uppertown is dotted with Victorian houses only slightly smaller than these two. Many are tall houses with gables, scalloped shingles, bay

windows, overhangs and pendants, ornamental glass, and railings with turned spindles.

The Young family and the Holmes family each had eight children. The daughters all knew each other, and my mother and Miss Eva Holmes were lifelong friends, still visiting and having coffee in their seventies. When they were girls they had both attended Miss Emma Warren's School, called the Astoria Select School. Miss Eva once turned a mischievous glance on me and said, "I'll bet you never knew anyone else who marched in a parade in Astoria beneath a banner which said A.S.S."

The Benjamin Young house stayed in the family, but all the Holmeses are gone. Gail and Ray Collins live beneath those gables and towers now. Gail told me that neighborhood children thought the house was haunted even when the Collinsees moved in. Children from nearby would linger at the gate and look speculatively at the Collins children. Ghosts maybe?

No, if there are any ghosts in Uppertown, they are not in the houses. They are riding spectral trolley cars or making right angle turns in ancient sedans or worshipping at vanished churches. And they will not have noticed the change, it has been so gradual.

Astoria, Oregon.



Streets at right angles and church steeples dominated the Uppertown scene in 1908.